

Choice Miscellany.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived who you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
And this maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than
love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of Heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee,
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes, that was the reason, as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we,
And neither the angels in Heaven above
Nor the demons down in the sea
Can ever divide my soul from the soul
Of my beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me
Dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright
eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my
 bride.

In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea,
—Edgar Allan Poe.

LOST LIGHT.

I cannot make her smile again,
That sunshine on her face
That used to make me feel warm earth again
At times so gay a place.
The same dear eyes look out at me.
The features are the same.
But, oh, the smile is out of them,
And I must be to blame.

Sometimes I see it still. I went
With her the other day
To meet a long missed friend, and while
We were on the way
Her confidence in waiting love
Brought back to me the sea.
The old time love-light to her eyes
That will not shine for me.

They tell me money waits for me.
They say I might have fame.
I like those things as well as well
As others like the same.
But I care not for what I have
Nor lust for what I have not.
One thing as much as my heart longs
To call that lost light back.

Come back, dear banished smile, come back,
And let me see thee
All thoughts and all fond wishes
That in thy stead would thrive
That would the earth without its sun
And what has life to me
That's worth a thought if it is true
It leaves me robbed of thee.
—Edward S. Martin in Scribner's.

KINSHIP.

There is no flower of wood or leaf,
No April flower, as fair as she,
O white anemone, who hast
The wind's wild race,
Know her a cousin of thy race
Into whose face
A presence like the wind's hath passed.

There is no flower of wood or leaf,
No June day flower, as fair as she,
Rose, columbine and beauty of
Life's first and best,
Behold thy sister here confessed,
Whose maiden bloom
Is fragrant with the dreams of love.
—Madison Cawein in New York Tribune.

Great Drunkards.

The question as to whether great men
are ever drunkards must be answered in
the affirmative, though argument is fre-
quently made to the contrary. Cato was
a hard drinker, while, in the language
of one writer, old Ben Jonson was con-
stantly "pickled." The poet Savage
used to go on the broad kinds of
"tears," and Rogers observed, after see-
ing his own statue, "It is the first time
I have seen him stand straight for many
years." Byron says of Porson, the great
classical scholar, "I can never recollect
him except as drunk or brutal, and gen-
erally both." Keats was on a spree once
that lasted six months. Horace, Plato,
Aristophanes, Euripides, Aeschylus, So-
crates and Tasso of the old times and
Goethe, Schiller, Addison, Pitt, Fox,
Blackstone, Fielding, Sterne and Steele
were all hard drinkers at intervals.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

No Inspiration in It.

A Georgia man, entertaining a rural
friend at his house, called his attention
to a large oak which towered above an
avenue of trees. Thinking to endow it
with interest he said:

"Under that oak Sidney Lanier com-
posed some of his best poems."
The next morning he found his visit-
or seated beneath the same tree, pad
and pencil in hand.

The same thing occurred the next
day and the day after that.

Finally his guest appeared in the
house—the picture of despair and dis-
appointment.

"Nothing in it!" he exclaimed.
"Nothing whatever in it!"
"In what?"

"That—oak tree. I've been under
it for three days, and there's no
more inspiration in it than there is in
a hollow log. Why, I didn't even have
a thought there."—Atlanta Constitution.

How the Sun Affects Cattle.

Pat had recently secured a place on a
farm.
One day at noon he was handed a
glass of buttermilk, but expected some-
thing better. He tasted the liquid, set
the glass down, and went into the house.
"Oh, my, my," he said to his em-
ployer, "don't you think I'd better
after going out and seeing to the stock!"
"Why?"

"Because I've seen suspicious that
somebody's left the cow stand in the
sun and let her milk get sour."—
Flick Me Up.

Case of Heredity.

Kohlgring—Do you believe in heredi-
ty, Mrs. Westside?
Mrs. Westside—Most assuredly I do.
There is Pearl Place. Her father was a
boiler maker, and she fairly dotes on
Wagner.—Buffalo Times.

His Mental Burden.

"Where do you go tonight, Henry?"
"I don't know, Agnes. I've had some-
thing awful on my mind all day, but I
can't remember whether it is a progress-
ive eucalypt party or the Browning class."

STUDENTS' FRIEND.

A DEALER IN COLORS IN THE LATIN QUARTER OF PARIS.

Many Artists Who Have "Arrived" Owe
Much to M. Foinet's Love of Art and
Benevolence—The Popular Supper Given
in His Little Shop.

If an art student of the Latin Quarter knows not M. Foinet, that student is but a humble creature, pitifully new to the republic of painters. And who is Foinet? He has a little shop in an ancient winding street of the old quarter, the Rue Notre Dame de Champs, and there keeps colors for the accommodation of impecunious painters. It is a little shop truly, with a handbox of a sale a manager just behind, the minute salon and living rooms above, but many a celebrity laid the foundation for his fame in the pigments cheerfully furnished by Foinet. Now 63, good nature and the wholesome reflection of his benevolence from the fancies of a thousand friends have kept this merchant de couleurs to the appearance of 40. His youthfulness remarked, "Ah," he says, with a twinkle of his kindly blue eyes, "it keeps one in good color to deal in good colors!" As he deals only in the best of colors, "those fit for the making of masterpieces," it is quite in keeping that he should have the rosy freshness that reddish hair and mustache complement, and which seem to belong only to the glow of vigor still in the prime of life.

"Having had two years of ex-
perience in the trade that is so closely
akin to art, Foinet has more the charac-
ter of an artist than of a tradesman, and
a glance around the walls of his costly
establishment betrays who are his
friends among those who have 'ar-
rived.' Here are pieces by Dutilleul,
Bonnat, by Jean Paul Laurens, by Ca-
rolus-Duran, by Cazin, by Gori Melchers,
by Chretien, by Paul Steek, by Yon-
gind (whose little pieces have sold for as
much as 8,000 and 4,000 francs since his
death), the original of Fragonard's
"La Balançoire," evidences
enough of Foinet's intimate relations
with artists who, famous afterward,
have been indebted to the man of colors
for many a sustaining kindness.

A veritable patron, Maceas of points,
it is necessary that Foinet be well to do,
and well to do he is, and with the means
to gratify his benevolence he has also
the taste to minister comfort to the re-
fined appetite. Foinet's little supper in
the shop are as celebrated as Foinet him-
self, and to be hidden to one of them is
a mark of distinction—an honor the
ambitious young covets, a courtesy the
most successful esteems. The suppers
are served in the shop, and wines of
choice vintage, served in bottles of pure
with cellar mold, are so liberally dis-
pensed that sobriety at the end of the
evening is accounted an insult to the
salon where coffee is poured it is not
permitted that one of the be able per-
fected to declare how many candles are
burning. Yet two to the culprit who
has so weak a head that he riots in his
cups. Foinet values him and his pros-
pects not a jot. Men who have it in them
to "arrive" will not slander good wine
by playing the fool under it, is Foinet's
opinion.

If a carefully watched young painter
suddenly gets well hung or captures
somewhere a medal, the color merchant,
radiant over the achievement, gives one
of these notable suppers in honor of his
protege, and the result is much the same
as when Beau Brummel made a man
by taking his arm for a walk in the
Mall. The supper is the confession of
faith—Foinet's intimation that he be-
lieves the painter has, to all intents and
purposes, "arrived," though he says one
requires 15 years in which really "to
arrive." What a phrase that! How
significant! And what a vast force it
has in the French world of art and let-
ters! "He'll arrive." No higher com-
pliment may be spoken by master of pupil.
"He has arrived." The crown is on his
head. And so Foinet, who has seen so
many men "arrive" and knows by a sort
of masterly intuition who is likely to
"arrive," has that superb patience and
that unwavering confidence which are
necessary to make either a great genius
or a noble creditor.

Let any student with talent only as a
grain of mustard seed with it honest
perseverance go to Foinet, and the
ruby faced patron will trust him till the
light goes out of the moon or floods in
the painter's atelier. Indeed, Foinet is
as little in love with a sensitive debtor
as he is with a too temperate banqueter.

Be it understood that more than one
art student in the Quartier Latin would
find it impossible to pursue his or her
studies were it not for the philanthropic
Foinet who gives them credit month
after month for their paints and has the
grace of soul not to impose upon them
the martyrdom of debt. Paints are ex-
pensive, and some students who have
barely enough for bread would fare ill
for working materials but for this sim-
ple hearted and genuine dealer.

In the old fashion street near the Lux-
embourg, that this frank generosity is
not ignobly betrayed may be inferred
from the fact of the dealer's compara-
tive opulence. Nevertheless he will
shake his head in compassionate sadness
as he says: "There are too many stu-
dents of art who ought to be students of
agriculture. They could now landscapes
better than they can paint them. It is
sad to see one quite without talent

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They Get Along

Some women do—by dint of wear and tear—but
the struggle tells upon them. Others seem to
"Accomplish things" almost without effort. In
the kitchen of the one you'll find a worn out stove.
Look in the other—a modern range is lending its
efficient aid. Look again. Closer this time.
You'll probably find 'tis a

GLENWOOD
For sale in all prominent cities and
towns in New England. Made by THE WEIR STOVE COMPANY,
TAUNTON, MASS.

The Joke Cleared.

Whether the clergy make their own
jokes or others manufacture and apply
them to them is not known. In The
Speaker there is an article entitled "A
Lawn Gag," from which the following
extracts are taken:

Trolope presumed that bishops upon
their consecration lost the power to
whistle.
"I remember," says Spurgeon in his
lectures to his divinity students—most
admirable lectures they are—"I remem-
ber hearing an aged minister, who had
succeeded on the platform a younger
brother that had broken down utterly in
an extemporaneous prayer, upon his petition
to the Almighty God, 'That it might
please Almighty God to make you young
men here as I am here.'"

While Spurgeon himself—in the same
lecture, we think—said that he had once
observed a friend of a Methodist min-
ister they had just heard preach, "Ah,
that's the stuff of which martyrs are
made!" "Yes, He's so dry he'd burn
well!"

Montaigne, with the happiest effect
of humor, closes a long historic list of
kings, queens and great men who owed
all to fortune with the burlesque in-
stance of "him of old, who, throwing a
stone at a dog, hit and killed his moth-
er-in-law."

But our Chrysostom, Jeremy
Taylor, having this passage from Mon-
taine obviously in his mind, applies it
ponderously thus, "He that threw a
stone at a dog and hit his cruel moth-
er said, that although he intended it
otherwise yet the stone was not quite
lost, and if we fall in the first design,
if we fail to do everything in a set
way, it may be that we shall do it
better, and we have put our conditions past
the power of chance."

A Life in His Hands.
A story has lately been told by an old
soldier of the French army as a souvenir
of the Crimean war. In one of the
attacks of the French led wing upon the
Russians in the neighborhood of Sevastopol
the retreat was sounded on both
sides, and the Russians retired to their
fortress, the French to their trenches.

On the way a French sergeant of the
line encountered alone a Russian ser-
geant, also alone.

The two men were face to face and
enemies.
Their guns were empty. Simultane-
ously they took their cartridges from their
pouches and began to load methodi-
cally, like well drilled soldiers, but as
swiftly as possible. The guns, like all
others in that campaign, were muzzle
loaders. The cartridges were forced in
place with a ramrod. Simultaneously
the two ramrods entered the guns, and
simultaneously they were withdrawn, but
the Russian, accustomed to inflexi-
ble discipline to do everything in a set
way, put back his ramrod in its place
along the barrel, while the Frenchman
threw his away with the movement that
withdrew it.

This gave him the needed moment's
advantage over his antagonist. Clapping
his gunstock to his shoulder, he had the
Russian's life in his hands. The Russian
stopped still, calmly awaiting the shot
that should be his death.

Then the French sergeant dropped his
gun from his shoulder and put out his
right hand. The Russian grasped it.
The two soldiers shook hands without a
word, for neither knew a word of the
other's tongue, and then they both turned
and went their opposite ways.

The French Party Leader.
The trick of the trade in a party leader
is to be able to mix continually with his
followers and even his adversaries,
to know about daily, to be in contact
with the popular mind, to be able to
play continually now to the boxes,
now to the gallery, so as to reach the
level of every intelligence; to discuss
and argue without end, to say the same
things. These are all things of which I
am quite incapable. I find it trouble-
some to discuss matters which interest
me, and I find it more so to discuss those
in which I am keenly concerned. Truth is
for me so rare and precious a thing
that, once found, I do not like to risk it
on the hazard of a debate. It is a light
which I fear to extinguish by waving it
to and fro. And as to consorting with
the masses, with their vulgar habits
and general fashion, because I never re-
cognize more than a very few. Unless
a person strikes me by something out of
the common in his intellect or opinions,
I, so to speak, do not see him. I have
always taken it for granted that medioc-
rities, as well as men of spirit, had a
new mouth and eyes, and have never, in
their case, been able to fix the particu-
lar shape of these features in my mem-
ory. I am constantly inquiring the name
of strangers whom I see every day, and
as constantly forgetting them, and yet,
I do not despise them, only I consent
but little with them, treating them as
constant quantities. I honor them, for
the world is made up of them, but they
weary me profoundly.—"Recollections"
of De Toqueville.

He Was Anxious.
"Your wife's just met with an acci-
dent," Wilkins, a man who had rushed
into the grocery, "She ran over a dog
while riding her bicycle, and they've
carried her to the hospital."

The man sitting on the cracker barrel
rose to his feet excitedly, and his face
turned pale.

"You notice," he asked in a
trembling voice, "whether it was a liv-
er colored dog, with two white spots on
his fore shoulder, or not?"—Detroit Free
Press.

Beards.
The plays, poems and treatises of the
reigns of Elizabeth, James I and Charles
I are full of amusing allusions to the
variety of fashions in beards. We learn
from them the various styles that were
adopted by different wearers, such as
the French, Spanish, Dutch and Italian
cuts, the new, old, gentlemen's, com-
mon, court and country cuts.

ONLY A JEW'S HARP.

MEN WHO DREW HARMONY FROM THIS SIMPLE INSTRUMENT.

One Performer Used Sixteen Jew's Harps
In Giving One Selection—Differing Views
of the Derivation of the Instrument and
Its Name.

It is very certain that, whatever the
derivation may be, (the Jew's harp)
has little or no special affinity to the
Jewish race, though it is of extremely
ancient date. Its introduction into Eng-
land cannot be traced, but the term is
clearly a corrupted form of the French
jeu trompe, literally a toy trumpet, but
the corruption of jeu into Jew is evi-
dently of a good age. Perhaps it was a
jeu d'esprit. Times, in his "Popular
Error," says that the instrument is
called a Jew's harp by Hakluyt. Bacon
called it jeu trompe, while jeu-
tromp is used by Beaumont and
Fletcher. In Bailey's Dictionary (1733)
will be found "Jews harp, an instru-
ment of music." The substitution of
"harp" commonly for "trump" is ap-
parently a later growth, although, of
course, Hakluyt points to an early use.
In all probability the French origin of
the term is the correct one, and "Jew's
harp" may have been the matter of fact
name invented by the country folk
among whom it circulated—maybe
through the efforts of the chapman and
the packman. Brewer is very brief on
the subject. He confines himself to the
statement that "the best players on this
instrument have been Koch, a Prussian
soldier under Frederick the Great, Knert,
Amstein and some others." He makes
no mention of Eulenstein, who may be
said to have been the master of all
players.

The celebrated Stephanie Felicite
(comtesse de Genlis) in her memoirs
tells us a great deal about Koch, the
German player, which is worth record-
ing. This soldier, who is described as a
"musician," was in the service of Fred-
erick the Great, and, being fond of re-
lieving the tedium of sentry go, he used
to practice on the Jew's harp with con-
siderable skill. One night Frederick,
who was an amateur musician, heard
him thought was a distinct orches-
tra under his window, when he discov-
ered that the sounds came from one of
his privates. Surprised on learning that
such wonderful effects could be produced
by a single man with two Jew's harps,
he ordered the player into his presence.

He was daily presented to the king the
following morning and performed, to the
delight and satisfaction of his majesty,
who rewarded Koch with \$50 and gave
him his discharge that he might devote
his time and attention to the advance
of his talent.

Koch had not the slightest knowledge
of music, but owed his ability to nat-
ural taste and instinct. He made quite
a fortune traveling about and perform-
ing in public and private and retired to
Vienna, where he lived until long past
the age of 80. He died about 1830. He
used two harps at once, "the same
manner as the peasants of the Tyrol,"
and produced without doubt the har-
mony of two, notes struck at the same
moment, which was considered by the
musically curious as somewhat extraor-
dinary when the limited powers of the
instrument were remembered. Herr
Koch had a fine idea of theatrical effect,
for he was habituated to requiring that all
the lights should be extinguished in or-
der that the illusion produced by his
playing might be increased.

Another German, a peasant and herd-
man named Eulenstein, about the be-
ginning of this century devoted his at-
tention to the cultivation of the Jew's
harp, and he was the first to give it the
name of "Jew's harp" which it now bears.

Of this "Jew's harp" instrument in
this "Jew's harp" instrument in this
way he manipulated this meager and
not overbearing instrument. The Jew's
harp, usually despised and ignored,
possesses three different tones—the base
tone of the first octave have some re-
semblance to those of the flute and clar-
inet; those of the middle and high to
the vox humana of some organs; lastly,
the harmonical sounds are exactly like
those of the harmonicon. It is conceived
that this diversity of tone, quotes The
Mirror (1827), afforded already a great
variety in the execution, which in al-
ways looked upon as being feeble and
trifling on account of the smallness of
the instrument. It was not thought
possible to derive much pleasure from
any attempt which could be made to
conquer the difficulties of so limited an
instrument, because, in the extent of
three octaves, there were a number of
spaces which could not be filled up by
the talent of the player. Besides the
most ample modulation is impossible.
Herr Eulenstein remedied the inconveni-
ence by joining 16 Jew's harps, which
he tuned in his own special way, and
he played with extreme rapidity, and
ways keeping one harp in advance, so
as not to interrupt the measure. He be-
came so proficient that he was able to
execute with grace and ease, running
over four octaves, many quite difficult
Italian, French and German pieces. He
was introduced to George IV in 1828,
who was delighted with his per-
formances, to tour in Scotland, where
the Jew's harp is still rather popular.

Eulenstein also visited the chief
towns of England, and drew crowds to
hear his novel entertainment in London.
It is presumed that he returned to his
own country about 1832. Since then
the Jew's harp seems to have fallen into
disrepute, and its position as a serious
means of musical enjoyment is no longer
admitted.—London Standard.

Unique.
"What do you think of my French,
Julius?" I asked my Paris friend, who
replied, "It is wonderful, madame," re-
plied courteously. "In all my life be-
fore I never have heard anything like it."
—Household Words.

Constitution
Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It
retains the digested food too long in the bowels
and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indol-
ence, sick headache, in-
somnia, etc. Hood's Pills
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900 DROPS

Woman's Department.

A BIG SUBJECT.

I am frequently in receipt of letters from mothers asking how I would advise them in matters concerning the training of their children. It is a big subject, and I have given my advice and suggestions so often I fear becoming tiresome, so for a change let me repeat the experience of an unknown writer in the *Housekeeper*. She says:

"I have a strong-willed child, a little girl, and I have had many battles, with myself and with her. I don't know as my experience will help any, but it may. It seems as though such a child must be forced to do a thing. Sometimes force is right and sometimes it isn't. It depends a great deal upon the child, and then it may be that the baby is still teething, and this makes her more difficult to manage.

"It seems brutal to whip a child, yet I have whipped my own. I don't like the idea of whipping; it seems wrong, yet I am sure it is the best thing under certain circumstances.

"Sometimes one will punish a child and the punishment will seem to do no good at the time. I have done this. The child will be so strong that it seemed impossible to bring it into harmony with what seemed right to the mother, and yet the next time the child was told to do the same thing, it was done and no struggle about it. So the seemingly unfruitful punishment proved fruitful, in good to the child.

"I know a child whose will is so strong that when aroused she has said: 'I won't do that; you can kill me first, but I won't do it.' This is an extreme case, and it is better to let the child have her own way, appear to give her up, and after a while she will probably do the very thing asked of her.

"In governing children it is according to the old Book, 'line upon line, line upon precept, precept upon precept, a little and there a little.' I used to wonder at the repetition, but I wonder no more, for it is a constant repeating from hour to hour in training and guiding a strong-willed child. We must never forget that a child many times does forbidden things, not from a spirit of wilfulness, but of forgetfulness.

"There are many other ways to punish a child besides whipping. This should be the last resort. The setting in a chair for from three to five minutes is a good thing. There will be rebellion at this with a willful child, but after the punishment has been insisted upon a few times, the child will know that you mean it to do what you have told it to do. It must sit there, even if it does squirm some. I should never shut a child in a dark room as a punishment. I should never tell her that the 'bogey man' or any other imaginary thing would come and get her if she were not good. The child will learn to know its untruth after a time, and when you have once established the fact in the child's mind that you tell untruth things, then you may as well cease telling her things at all.

"Now, about teaching a child not to run away. I know a woman who has a little boy who liked to run away, and did so on every possible occasion. It caused the greatest anxiety, and, of course, the parents were always overjoyed when the child was finally found. One day the mother saw the little fellow trudging away toward a neighbor's; she simply watched to see that he arrived safely, then she watched to see him start home again. There was no search instituted; she knew where he was, and she bided her time. When the little fellow came back, he skulked behind his wagon and tried to keep out of sight, but no one noticed him. This was something to utter new that he came to the house, where the mother was busy and did not see him apparently. It was very hard for the baby, and this was kept up half an hour, and the child was so heart-broken he could not bear this indifference. His mother took him in her arms and talked to him, and he has never run away since or wanted to. This might do for some children. It did for this one, and whippings had previously been resorted to in vain.

"Think a strong will one of the best endowments a child or grown person can have. A weak-willed child may be easier to govern when little, but when it goes out into the world it is swayed by every passing opinion. If the wind of the world blows in right directions it goes right, while if it blows in the wrong way it is easily led that way. So I say a strong will is a blessed endowment for a child. A strong will may go wrong and then it will be very difficult to turn it, but once get it started in the right direction, and it will probably keep on."

Dress Skirts.

Modistes are overwhelmed with inquiries concerning the length, width and stiffness of dress skirts for the coming season. Four to 4½ yards is the average circumference of the newest skirts, and the seven gored model is still a leading favorite. The skirts have no rippling whatever, but the graceful, moderately expanding effect of each separate gore is plainly defined, and all exaggerations in width have invariably vanished. The back of the skirt is invariably full, and the former stiff interlining reduced to a facing, and where silk linings are desired one of their satisfactory substitutes—reppé suraline or rustle percale—is used for the underlining, with or without a moccasin or haircloth facing.

Many of the very best dressmakers are using soft, thin outing cloth as an interlining for wedding toilets and gowns of light silk or satin. This gives light a body and a heavy, elegant effect. It improves the hang of the skirt, it is better than the cotton flannel formerly used because, while it is quite as protective, it is much lighter.

In some cases, where the figure is inclined to stoutness, the outing cloth reaches only two-thirds of the length of the skirt on the front and sides, but the entire length in the back.—New York Correspondent.

The girls of the Iowa State Normal school, at Cedar Falls, have adopted a dress reform uniform, consisting of a skirt six inches from the ground, a short jacket, leggings and a plain hat or cap.

PARIS ADMIRES HER.

The French Capital Reverses the Newport Verdict on an American Woman.

Mrs. Joseph De la Mar is said to be the most admired American woman in Paris. The Frenchmen simply rave over her. Captain and Mrs. De la Mar have secured a fine hotel at 89 Avenue Niel, in Paris, where they will live during the ensuing year. Mrs. De la Mar is now 29 years old, has a profusion of fair hair, regular features and a perfect complexion.

In direct contrast to the fierce her beauty has created in Paris was the



coldness with which she was received in Newport. She, with her husband, occupied the King cottage, on Bellevue avenue, during the summer of 1895 and was not received in the best of society. The men said that Mrs. De la Mar was too pretty to be tolerated by the women. Captain De la Mar, who is the owner of Colorado mines, is said to have a prodigious income and has been spoken of as the modern Monte-Christo.

An Airing Idiocy.

Elderly people and others who may be temporarily house bound and prevented from enjoying a regular daily stroll outdoors can devise a fair substitute as follows: Bundle up as if for the usual constitutional, select a large, sunny room, preferably at the top of the house, open wide the windows, shut off the heat and move around briskly, going to the window and inhaling the fresh air deeply through the nostrils. We have often called attention to the fact that house air, with its many impurities, overheated condition and general lifelessness, is one of the principal predisposing causes to colds and catarrhal affections. Wear a patient or invalid is confined to bed, if the shoulders are kept well covered and the head lightly protected, the windows may be opened and the room flushed with fresh air without any special risk, provided the current does not strike them too directly. The danger from want of proper ventilation is decidedly greater. Deep inhalations of air at the open window, taken gently through the nose, impart an enervating and tonic influence to the whole nervous system, which can soon be demonstrated by a personal experiment.—Health Magazine.

Long Pointed Bodices.

In the making, and particularly in the wearing, of long pointed bodices, says a fashion writer, there is very often found some difficulty in keeping this point in straight position. It has to be carefully boxed to secure this result, and even when this is done the end of the point will roll slightly, and for this reason further precaution is suggested. Take a strong piece of flat elastic, sew one end carefully to the extreme tip of the point—on the underside, of course—and then, slightly stretching the elastic, fasten the other end five or more inches higher. This will cause an upward curve, and when the bodice is worn the defect will right itself and prevent the unsightly rolled up end which is so often perceptible on pointed bodices after being worn a few times.

Jewish Women.

Speaking of the part Jewish women take in the world's progress, the New York Commercial Advertiser says: "The first woman resident in a general hospital in New York was a Jewess, Dr. Josephine Walter. The first woman dentist of Germany was a Jewess, Dr. Fanny Sternfeld. The fifth training school for nurses established in this country was founded by a Jewess, Mrs. Anna Hendricks of New York. The largest scholarship ever bestowed on an art student was given by a Jewess, Mrs. J. H. Lazarus of New York. May Abrams has become the first woman factory inspector in London, and the latest projected movement in New York to empower trained nurses to become inspectors of tenement districts has been started by a Jewess."

What the Women Did.

Rev. Phineas H. Harnett says, "The Biblical text, 'And I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipes a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down,' plainly means that in those days men were engaged in mental work." She may or may not be right in this particular instance, but listen to an extract from the quaint descriptions of the Egyptians given by William Waterman in "The Fables of Papyrus," published over three centuries ago, "Their women in old time had all the trade of occupying, and brokerage abroad, and retailed at the Tamerne, and kept lustre chiere; and the men satte at home spinning and workyng of Lace, and such other

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Famous in Cookery.

The Princess of Soubise invented the soup now called after her, while the Princess of Conde gave her name to a particular mode of serving a breast of mutton. The Duchess of Malilly, vying with her, invented a special way of dressing a leg of the same animal. Louise de la Valliere was an adept in the culinary art, and Mme. de Maintenon, learned as she was, would prepare dishes for her royal master.

Divided Skirts.

No girl who has faced the wind in a divided bicycle skirt on a frosty day will return to the old open, flapping skirt that impedes her movements as it chills her knees. The divided skirt has the "years" by a great majority, and she will cast about to see how she can make the prettiest divided skirt she knows how. There are divided skirts and divided skirts, you know, and there is a wide difference in kind.

A new bicycle costume is made of heavy Scotch cheviot in a small, irregular brown and tan check. The skirt is a well hanging divided skirt, reaching to the shoe tops, with two broad box plaits at the back and front that are so full that one never suspects the dividing line at all.

The jacket is a short, snug garment, cut in an irregular way at the front to show quite an expanse of the brown linen blouse front. A broad white band follows the edge of the jacket, and at the back seam of the sleeve the braiding is quite elaborate.

A dark brown suede belt and a soft white berretta complete this outfit. The black berretta is worn also, and on very cold days a chamois jacket is slipped on underneath the bicycle suit.

—New York Commercial.

A Chicago Experiment.

The new training school for domestic service in Chicago will be watched with interest because it claims to be founded "upon wisdom gathered from errors and failures of like efforts." The institution is incorporated under state laws, with a house provided with ample grounds for its extension if warranted by the success of the venture. The first class consists of 25 young women, who have the best of references for faithfulness in performing their duties. At instruction given will be not only in cooking, but in all branches that have to do with economy, comfort, health and the proper maintenance of a house. The most improved methods will be taught. The pupils are received free of charge; also without compensation from the school for the first six months. After this probation \$3 a week will be given to each pupil until she graduates, which will be at the end of two years. At the end of that time a diploma and the sum of \$100 will be given. Special courses of instruction will also be given to those who desire to fit themselves for one branch of work only, but only after the preliminary six months' training required as a basis for any kind of service.

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Young Folks' Column.

DR. SPANXTER'S REMEDY.

A long time ago there lived a king and queen, whose splendid palace stood upon a great, green island in the sparkling sea. They had only one child, little Prince Pucker—a pretty boy, with golden hair and blooming cheeks, but for all that, horribly naughty; though his father and mother thought he was good and beautiful. For you must know that in their kingdom lived a wicked old fairy, who hated little boys and girls, and whenever one was born she directly gave its father and mother a pair of rose-colored spectacles, which grew on to their noses too tightly to be moved, so that all the people let their children do whatever they pleased, and never even found fault with them, for they all thought their own quite perfect; but the spectacles never had any effect when you looked at other people's children.

Now everybody in the palace and out of it knew that Prince Pucker was as naughty a little boy as could be. He was selfish, and vain and proud, disagreeable in every way, and impatient as a bumble bee; besides, if he wanted anything he had only to scream for it, and everything was set aside to get it. As for the king's gentlemen and the queen's maids, they constantly went on picnic parties to desert islands, where they could safely say what was in their thoughts, for there was great danger that the words would come out of themselves when they got very angry, except for this relief, and the prettiest of all the maids at length discovered the nicest way possible to relieve her mind without any risk; whenever she could get in a dark corner she constantly made up the most shocking faces at Prince Pucker, and felt very much the better for it afterwards.

Now it's all very well to give a child everything it howls for when you can, but if you can't, what are you going to do about it? This view of the matter had not occurred to the king and queen, but of course there came a time when they couldn't help seeing it. Prince Pucker cried and fretted so much all day, generally, that when night came he was too tired to sit up, and so went to bed with the sun, which he firmly believed put itself out on his account and nobody else's, and got up in the morning so early in order that his room might be warm and bright before he rose himself; but one day he had overslept himself, and so kept awake at night, and, looking out of the palace window, saw the full moon in the sky overhead shining splendidly.

"Give me that thing, that round thing," bawled the prince, pointing at the shining moon.

"May I please your Highness," said the prettiest maid of honor, advancing from the corner where she had been making up faces at him in the dark and calling him names in her throat, "that is the moon; nobody can get it."

Prince Pucker boxed her ears, and burst out crying with all his might and main.

"Give it to me! ow, ow, ow! I will have it! I must! You shall! ow, ow, ow, ow!"

"My love! my darling! my sweet boy!" exclaimed the queen, running hastily in, and tripping herself up on her blue velvet train. "Puckery darling, tell your own devoted mamma what you want, and you shall have it instantly."

"Ow, ow, ow, ow! I want the moon."

The queen reflected two seconds, and then faintly said, in fact, she couldn't do anything else under the circumstances, and I don't blame her.

In the meantime Prince Pucker danced up and down, screaming and howling like a very angry cat, and the king, who was holding a council of state in the back parlor, came rushing up to see what ailed the Prince.

"Who has been abusing my son and heir?" he asked fiercely, looking about him at the maids; for it is a curious fact that all the men in that island always blamed the nearest woman when anything happened.

"Please your Majesty," said Angelica, making a courtesy, "his Highness wants the moon."

"Fetch all your ladders at once!" said the king. "Prince Pucker is crying for the moon, and must have it!"

"Please your Majesty—"

"I don't please my Majesty! Get 'em quick, I tell you! Buy, beg, borrow, steal—get all there are in the kingdom."

"But your majesty, they won't!"

"They shall, I tell you!"

"But the distance! Get me enough ladders!"

"But how to lift them, sire? Gravitation forbids!"

"Confound gravitation; turn it out, I won't have it round; my son shall have the moon, or I'll chop your head off Friday noon."

The head carpenter went home, packed up two clean shirts and a pocket handkerchief, kissed his wife, and put out to sea in an open boat, leaving word for the king that he had gone to the moon.

Prince Pucker yelled louder than ever; he would not eat or sleep, and nobody else could get a wink of rest. The king tried whatever he could think; he sent a philosopher up in a balloon, but he never came back. Then the king sent a regiment of heavy artillery on top of the highest mountain to be found, with rifle cannon and patent reversible bomb shells to shoot at the moon and dislodge it.

"But when they came into the top, To their surprise they found That the moon was just as far away As she was from the ground."

In short, the moon sailed on, and took no notice of any efforts made to bring her down to Prince Pucker, and the king and queen were at their wit's ends.

Moreover, the Prince wouldn't stop crying. Why should he? Always before he had got whatever he wanted by cry-

ing, and why not now if he only stuck to it? So he cried, and cried; he grew thin and pale and weak; he could not eat, and they sent for the king's doctor, who looked at his tongue, and formed an opinion. Very solemnly he shook his head.

"The vital tissues of the Prince are rapidly disorganizing and disintegrating; nature incapable of reaction, demands support, and the reactivation of the patient delays recuperation to a degree. I shall administer sustenance of a diffusive and farinaceous character, and apply exterior caloric to the cuticle."

The next prettiest maid of honor opened her brown eyes big as saucers, and whispered to Angelica, "O dear, what does he mean?"

Angelica giggled softly: "Nothing, my dear goose, but that the prince is gone to smash generally, and kicks when you speak to him; he's to have gruel with whiskey in it, and a hot bath!"

"M—y!" said Nellie.

But that was really so! However, the prince threw the gruel at the queen's head and spoiled her best waterfall and her cob-web cap; and he kicked the hot bath over, and scratched the footman who brought it in, till they all crept under the bed.

So next day they sent for the queen's physician, who was a different kind of doctor. He looked at Prince Pucker, heard him cry, observed the whites of his eyes, and said nothing; he never did say anything; so people considered him unaccountably wise. He pulled a large box out of his pocket, extracted therefrom a small bottle full of sugar plums, ordered one to be placed on Prince Pucker's tongue three times a day, and went off. The dreadful little Prince seized the bottle, swallowed all the pills at once, and yelled louder than ever. Then they tried all the other doctors in the kingdom, one by one, but none of them could get the Prince to take their doses and the only good it did was providing a subject for them all to agree on, which was an entirely new experience for them; yet it was a fact that they all hated and despised the naughty prince, who would neither stop crying nor take their medicines.

At length the prince grew so weak with crying and kicking they were afraid he would die, and one day as the queen was sitting in her private parlor weeping and eating pop-corn, the king came in.

"My dear!" said he, in such a loud and joyful voice the queen nearly choked with a corn, "there's a new doctor from abroad come to town, shall we send for him to visit our dear Puckery?"

"They say he really knows something."

"Oh, directly, directly!" sobbed the queen, spilling all the corn into the fire in her agitation, and wiping her eyes on her apron of blue satin.

So next morning the lord chamberlain called on the celebrated Dr. Spanxter, from foreign parts, and requested him to visit the palace at twelve o'clock.

The queen was sitting by Prince P

Maine Farmer.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1897.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE, OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

For one month, \$2.50 for three months,
and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.
Mr. C. S. Ayres, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Somerset county.
Mr. J. W. Kellogg, our Agent, is now call-
ing upon our subscribers in New Brunswick
and Nova Scotia.

It is now authoritatively announced
that Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., will not
accept a position in the President's cabi-
net, preferring his present place.

At the request of the people of Portland,
Ex-Gov. Cleaves has put on public exhibi-
tion the gifts he received on going out of
office. It would take quite a large room
to show them in. No Governor has
made himself more "solid" with the people.

Dr. Twitchell, of the Farmer, has ac-
cepted an invitation to give his lecture
on "Structure of the Foundation of Pur-
pose," before the National Arythm
Brethren's Association at Albany, New
York, Jan. 21st. Living subjects will
be furnished for object lessons.

Governor Altgeld of Illinois, whose
term of office expired last Monday, has
just set free twelve murderers and eight
other felons. The sentences of the home-
icides ranged from short terms for man-
slaughter to imprisonment for life for
murder in the first degree.

A beautiful number is the "Maine
Central" for the New Year. The new
cover design is by Miss Amy Richards,
daughter of Gen. John T. Richards of
Gardiner, selected from nine other de-
signs as the very best. This number has
a fine portrait of the new manager, Mr.
Evans. There are numerous pictures
and articles on the Maritime Provinces.

William F. Cody, better known as
"Buffalo Bill," has gone to New York
from his new home in the wilds of Wyom-
ing, to look after two big schemes. One
of these projects is the irrigation of a
tract of arid land in Northwestern Wyom-
ing, comprising from 300,000 to 500,-
000 acres, and the other is the establish-
ment of a great game preserve of from
50,000 to 100,000 acres.

A new question is pending in a New
York court. There is a matter of \$20,000
insurance money to be distributed in a
case where man and wife both perished
in the flames, and the question is which
probably died first. It is said that this
question is a new one, though it has been
held in the case of the drowning of hus-
band and wife that the woman being
weaker died first; whether the same
principle will be applied in case of death
by fire remains to be seen.

We had a pleasant call Saturday from
the executive committee of the Maine
State Grange that had just held its first
meeting in this city. The new committee
is made up as follows: L. O. Straw, Newfield,
Chairman, Ansel Holway, Skowhegan, B.
F. Briggs, Auburn, L. W. Jose, Dexter,
Edward Wiggin, Mayville Center, Master
of the State Grange, and E. L. Jibby,
Auburn, Secretary of the State Grange.
The committee had considerable routine
work on hand, but did nothing of gen-
eral public interest. Its next meeting will
be here, Jan. 21st.

As was anticipated and predicted when
Evangelist Dwight L. Moody opened his
services in Tremont Temple, Boston, the
revival spirit has spread through all of
the evangelical churches in and about
Boston, and it is safe to assert that min-
isters and churchmen look for a great har-
vest for the Lord ere the winter revivals
are concluded. During the week past
Mr. Moody has talked on the Bible and
prayer at the morning and afternoon
meetings in the temple. His audiences
have steadily increased. Sam. Jones, at
the People's Temple, is launching forth
his irreverent slang, and people gather in
large numbers out of curiosity to hear
what bad things he can say. Francis
Murphy, the temperance evangelist, in
whom everybody has confidence, is also
holding forth in the same city.

A special edition of the Bangor Com-
mercial, written, edited, illustrated and
published by the women of Bangor,
Maine, in aid of the free kindergarten
of that city, will be issued on February
22. This woman's edition of twenty-
four pages, price ten cents per copy, will
be of especial interest to club women,
and to all present and former residents
of Maine. The questions of the day will
be treated by earnest and able women.
Articles on education, domestic econ-
omy and sanitation, camp life in the
Maine woods, fun and fiction, current
topics, and personal notes will have a
place in its columns. There will be a
children's page, and a page of public
opinion. The business editor is Mrs.
Harriet L. Snow. It will be ten cents
per copy.

Instead of an uplifting, encouraging
nature, the books in the average Sunday
School library are of a doubtful, depend-
ing character. Here are the titles copied
verbatim from the books in one Sunday
School library: "The Infidel," "The
Drunkard's Death," "The Miser's
Death," "The Hospital," "The Wan-
derer's Death," "The Dying Shirt-
Maker," "The Broken Heart," "The
Destitute Poor." What wonder that a
child was sad and solemn when he
recreated herself with such chronicles
as these? What wonder that, like the
Scotchman's famous dog, "life was full
of sadness" for her, when religion
should make up the sum of her happi-
ness, had conspired, under the guise of
Sunday school fiction, to destroy her
gaiety of heart?

KEEP COOL.

If ever there was a time when the peo-
ple of Maine needed good, sound, con-
servative judgment, it is the present.
These are the days when it is well to
pray to be saved from one's friends.
The evident attempt to farm the State
for selfish purposes, by creating a scare
over cattle diseases, should be recognized
by every thoughtful citizen. Conscience
that disease is ever present, every instru-
mentality should be resorted to, every
step taken which will render the State
less liable to resulting trouble. At the
same time there is not the slightest cause
for alarm, and the evident attempt to
create an unhealthy public sentiment is
at the expense of the State.

The charge that fifteen or twenty per-
cent of the cows in Maine are diseased
is false, misleading, and should subject
the party or parties to severe condemna-
tion. No man has any right to make such
charges against an industry of such im-
portance. Every dairyman and milk
producer, yes, every man who keeps cows,
is slandered by such outrageous
statements. It is an easy matter to create
a scare among the thoughtless, and this
is what is at the bottom of the whole
question. With individuals the *Farmer*
has nothing to do, but it stands for the
just defense of the great cattle industry
of the State, free to-day from the ravages
of disease than any other of the
eastern States, and guarded as skilled
men only can guard an industry so
extensive, and scattered over the entire
State. If the purpose be to ruin the
farmers of Maine, the course was well
conceived. The attack so wantonly
made by designing men can have no
other effect than to check the consump-
tion of milk and dairy products all over
the State, and this without any cause
for so doing. Keep cool. Go slow. In-
stead of a few individuals arousing a fear
by concerted action, in different parts of
Maine, at the same time, let sober second
thought prevail. The *Farmer* is already
on record in regard to this question and
the steps necessary for the State to take.
By that record it will stand for the de-
fense of the one industry of greatest
value to the farmers of the State, against
selfish interests showing themselves in
different directions. The State must pro-
vide for the examination and payment of
all cattle diseased.

The State must also provide for the in-
spection, by the best means and agents
known to medical science, of all herds
where physical examination indicates
trouble with any individual. Beyond
that the State has no right to go unless
invited by owners. Generations of men
have come and gone with no fear of con-
sumption. No one thinks of contagion
from a consumptive to-day, but label the
disease tuberculosis and attach it to cat-
tle, and a weapon is placed in the hands
of men, who, for their own ends, can
create a scare and injure the main in-
dustry of the farmers of the State. Public
health demands prompt and efficient ac-
tion looking to the best good of the great-
est number, but public welfare has equal
demands, which must insist on the right
of individuals to protection in legitimate
lines of occupation. Let wisdom prevail,
and the good of all will be conserved;
give way to fears, and great injury will
be wrought. Keep cool.

Figure of an Aged Convict.
It was discovered, Wednesday, that
Jesse Pomeroy, the boy friend and mur-
derer, had nearly succeeded in digging
through the Charlestown, Mass., prison
walls in an attempt to escape. He has
been confined in State Prison for the last
25 years, having been sentenced when 15.
In view of this, the *Globe* pathetically
remarks that in the year 1840, or there-
abouts curious eyes will peer into the
dark corner of a certain prison cell and
fall upon the withering figure of an
aged convict. Pitying lips will ask what
felony this old greybeard could have
committed, and why he should be iso-
lated in solitary confinement.

A young guard may answer that the
prisoner did some terrible unremembered
thing when a mere lad, and his ingenious
struggles for liberty and his incurable
mania for life-taking have inspired such
dread among both his keepers and his
fellows prisoners that he has been locked
alone within those four narrow walls
during two or three generations of prison
management. In spite of the never end-
ing vigil of his guards hardly a year
passes without some cunning effort on
his part to save or borrow his way to
freedom. He gains the confidence of
any dumb creature that may stray into
his cell only to slay it.

The world which shut him in is dead,
and his crimes now are but legends,
while the one breast which held a spark
of affection for him was still long ago
the possession of his picture of the old
age of Jesse Pomeroy.

At the time of his conviction there was
no mistaking his dreadful, deep seated
mania for killing. There was no thought
that he ever could be trusted to go at
large again. But the guilty conscience
of a public which condemns criminals in
a rage for revenge was pricked by the
extreme youthfulness of Pomeroy and
shrank from inflicting upon him the old
Hebraic punishment of a life for a life.
Therefore, to ease the burdened con-
science of the community, this hapless
youth was snatched from the peace of
the grave and condemned, a legal corpse,
to a living, hopeless tomb.

A smelt is not so large a fish as a
salmon, but the money the fishermen of
Maine get for them is a good deal more
than for the salmon, being \$71,704 for
the former last year, to \$12,280 for the
latter.

Samuel C. Harlow of Bangor, who
made pomology and orcharding his life
study, died on Tuesday, aged 65 years.
It might be said that he lived in his
orchard, and was regarded as authority
upon the nomenclature of fruit.

Hon. A. W. Ambrose of Aroostook
county and his wife have recently cele-
brated their golden wedding. It was a
good tribute to a most worthy pair.

"Jackson day," Friday, was celebrated
with considerableunction throughout
the country. "Old Hickory" still lives.
The G. A. R. Encampment will be
held in Lewiston, April 13-15.

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR DAVIS.

Hon. Daniel F. Davis, Governor of
Maine in 1880, the exciting times of the
notorious court-out, died suddenly at
Bangor, on Saturday morning. Anxiety
concerning his large lumber interests
had greatly weighed upon his mind, pro-
ducing insomnia, and causing a break-
down of his physical system. His ner-
vous system was shattered, and death
came at the end of a general collapse.

Daniel F. Davis was born in Freedom,
Waldo county, in 1843. His father was a
clergyman, and when Daniel was but a
child moved to Piscataquis county, where
he settled in Orville. When the boy was
ten his father moved to New Port-
land, subsequently to Stetson, where he
received the education which fitted him
to enter the East Corinth Academy.
While attending the academy, the war
broke out and Davis left in October, 1863,
to join the Union forces. He went to
the front as a private in Company D,
First D. C. Cavalry, and in '64 was trans-
ferred to Co. F, First Maine Cavalry.
With this troop he served through all its
eventful career at Petersburg and other
famous battles. Through all the war he
refused promotion, though his gallant
conduct often merited the straps of hon-
or. All his spare time when in camp
was spent in studying what few books
he could obtain in the regiment. After
leaving the army he resumed his school
attendance, first at Corinna Academy
and later at Kent's Hill. He then taught
school for several years, preparatory to
commencing the study of law, was ad-
mitted to the bar in 1868, and began
practice. Represented East Corinth in
the House of Representatives in 1869 and
1874. In 1878 he was elected senator
from Penobscot county. In 1879 he was
nominated for Governor by the republi-
cans, and the fall vote was so close that
there was no choice by the people, and
the election was thrown into the legisla-
ture, which elected Mr. Davis. A major-
ity, instead of a plurality, was then re-
quired. The stirring events of that ex-
citing year need not be repeated here.
They have passed into history, never to
be repeated, we trust, in Maine. Amidst
all his Gov. Davis was calm, dignified
and composed, administering the duties
of his office with great ability. It was
one of the most thrilling and dangerous
periods in the history of Maine, and we
can scarcely think of it now without a
shudder, bloodshed seemed so near.
Ex-Gov. Davis afterward served with
great acceptance as collector of the port
of Bangor. He became extensively in-
terested in timber lands and was success-
ful in his undertakings. He was a most
lovable man, tender and true in his
friendships, and it was an occasion of
great regret when his health broke down.
Ex-Gov. Davis leaves a widow, three sons
and a daughter.

Turner Center Butter Factory.
The Turner Center Dairying Association
held its annual meeting on Satur-
day of last week. This enterprise is
owned and managed by a corporation
made up of the stockholders. The stock
is held by farmers who patronize the
business. Dividends on the stock are
fixed by the by-laws at six per cent. an-
nually.

The association has a factory at Turner
Center, a branch factory at Auburn,
and cream stations for the sale and de-
livery of cream and butter at Chelsea
and Worcester, Mass., and at Providence,
R. I. The investment in real estate,
buildings, fixtures and equipment
amounts to \$23,524.27.

The business is managed on the cream
gathering plan, nearly all the cream
being separated by the deep setting or
Cooley process. The Directors re-
ported:

Total business for the year	\$371,258.67
Cost of cream	260,192.87
Profit on cream	111,065.80
Butter sold	205,002.32
Cream sold	147,850.13
On hand	18,607.32
Cost of making and selling	3,036.74

The Directors report that they tested
the comparative accuracy during the
year of weighing each patron's cream
when taken, as against measuring it in
the space pail. It was found that the
work done by collectors using the scales
was not more accurate than with the
measuring pails, and they decided in
favor of the latter system.

The following officers were chosen:
Directors—C. H. Haskell, E. L. Brad-
ford, C. H. Moody, W. C. Whitman, H.
W. Copeland.

Clerk—G. B. Bradford.
Treasurer—L. P. Bradford.
Agent—J. L. Bradford.

Nominations by the Governor.
The following nominations have been
made by the Governor:
Clerk Municipal Court of Bangor—F.
A. Adams, Bangor; J. C. Russell,
Yarmouth; Wm. T. C. Russell,
Seaside; Arthur W. Stone, Cornville.
Notary Public—William N. Titus,
Auburn; George W. Barrows, Bangor;
James E. Parsons, Ellsworth; J. S.
Houghton, Wells.

Coroner—Charles F. Moulton, Sanford.
Justice of the Peace and Quorum—
Frederick Davis, Bangor; Elmer N.
Littlefield, Lyman; John P. Haney, Pe-
noscoot; Henry C. Peabody, Portland;
Albert L. Strout, Bath; Wm. N. Titus,
Aina.

The Old Kennebec Society.
The annual meeting of the old Kenne-
bec Agricultural Society was held at
Readfield on the second Monday of Janu-
ary. The following officers were
chosen:

D. B. Savage of Augusta, President.
Sewall Pettengill of Wayne, B. P.
Stuart of Belgrade, E. Walker of Mon-
mouth, Free Press Editors.

W. H. Bartlett, Stoneham; Elmer N.
C. B. Stevens, Readfield, Treasurer.
E. H. Kent of Fayette, E. J. Gilman,
M. Vernon, E. R. Mayo, Manchester,
M. S. Gordon, Vienna, G. C. Goodale,
Winthrop, Trustees.

The Presidential electors met at the
State House, Monday, and cast their
votes according to law for President and
Vice President of the United States.
The six electors cast their votes for
William McKinley of Ohio for President,
and Garrett A. Hobart of New Jersey for
Vice President. John P. Hill of Augus-
ta, one of the electors, was selected as
special messenger to carry the list of
votes to Washington to be delivered
into the hands of the President of the
Senate, according to the method pre-
scribed by the constitution. Dr. Hill left
for Washington Tuesday.

WAYSIDE NOTES—WISE AND OTHER WISE.

—Good resolutions are just now in
order, though very deferred until Jan.
1st no one can tell. That the practice
leads to indulgences during the last of
the old year is a patent fact. Men pre-
pare to "wear off" by giving free rein
to license up to the hour when a change
is to be expected. Such reformations
look to some outward influence to pro-
tect rather than inward purpose to guide.
Like the devout man who was on his
way to marry a worldly woman, and
doubting the result of the union, prayed:
"Oh! God, if it is not your wish for
me to marry this woman, strike her
dead before the ceremony," so men ex-
pect habits to be wiped out rather than
good resolutions made Jan. 1st, through
the persistent continuance in well doing.

—The agitation of the school question,
especially the rural school phase, is one
of the most hopeful signs of the times.
It is safe to trust the solution of these
problems to the people when once they
are aroused. Apathy is the one foe to
reform. Reform may come slowly, but
come it will, out of the earnest considera-
tion of the great question by earnest men
and women. Not until equal privileges
are assured every scholar should the dis-
cussion cease.

—If instead of indifference there was
lively interest in matters of legislation,
the evils about which men sometimes
complain would disappear. Legislators
are intended to be representatives, not
judges of what and how, but some-
how indifference here steps in, and only
a few of the great interests make their
power felt, while the mass leave every-
thing until legislative adjourns, and then
cry out against rigors, lobbies and com-
binations. Every man having an idea in
regard to legislation upon any of the
questions should, by word or letter, keep
in close touch with Senator and Repre-
sentative. If this could be possible dur-
ing the next few weeks wiser legislation
would result, and a better spirit pre-
vade the State.

—No one habit so tends to solidify a
man or woman against all progress as
that of croaking and doubting. Men,
who otherwise would find sunshine and
happiness, live year after year in dis-
content, and the belief that they are
worse off than everybody else becomes
the overshadowing thought. Such per-
sons exist, they do not live. Living
means growth, this calls for sunshine,
and sunshine destroys doubts and fore-
bodings.

—The New Year has come at last.
Are we better prepared for life's battles
than we were one year ago? Has expe-
rience taught us valuable lessons, and, if
so, will we profit by them? The 365
pages in the book of 1897 are mostly pure
white paper. Each day's history is to
be written upon them. How will the
bound volume look for a New Year's
gift January 1, 1898?

—Robert Burdette always manages to
hit the nail on the head when he un-
dertakes to point out the failings of poor
humanity, and there is a whole temper-
ance lecture as well as a sermon on thrift
and self-denial, in this little proposition
that he makes to the complaining poor
man who can yet always find money for
a glass of liquor when he wants it:

"My homeless friend with the chro-
matic nose, while you are stirring up the
sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me
give you a fact to wash down with it.
You may say you have longed for years
for the free, independent life of a farm-
er, but you have never been able to get
money enough to buy a farm. But that
is where you are mistaken. For some
years you have been drinking a good im-
proved farm at the rate of one hundred
square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this
statement, figure it out for yourself. An
acre of land contains 43,560 square
feet. Estimating, for convenience, the
land at \$43.56 an acre, you will see that
it brings the land to just one mill per
square foot. Now pour down the fiery
dose, and imagine you are swallowing a
strawberry patch. Call in five of your
friends and have them help you gulp
down that garden of 500 square feet.
Get on a prolonged spree some day and see
how long it will take to swallow enough
pasture land to feed a cow. Put down
that glass of gin; there is dirt in it—300
square feet of good, rich dirt, worth
\$43.56 an acre."

The Eastern Maine Insane Hospital
Commission wants nearly \$300,000 to be
expended in the next two years. The
work already done on the buildings in-
cludes the erection of the administration
building, the laundry and other domestic
structures. The administration build-
ing, however, is not yet finished. It is
the plan of the commission to build it
during the next two years. In addi-
tion to the work already done, two pa-
vilions. The estimates give the cost of
these pavilions as \$294,000, so that if
these plans are carried out, it will be
necessary for the legislature to appro-
priate \$153,000 each for '97 and '98.

We congratulate our Brother C. B.
Burleigh on his election to the newly
created office of State Printer, an office
that ought to have been thought of years
ago. His election is a recognition of
worthy young men in the politics and
business of the State. These should
courageously go forward in the battle
of life, while the old fellows, occupying
the back seats, should give them good
cheer and the valuable aid of their long
experience.

A rural visitor stood on the sidewalk
on Congress street, Portland, gazing
earnestly at the electric cars. Finally he
inquired of a gentleman: "When does a
car run down to the depot? I've been
waiting here half an hour, and every car
I see says 'Polo to-night.'" He was
given the necessary information.

John L. Best of Portland bought the
condemned herd of cattle of Alonzo
Libby of Westbrook, and the cattle will
be taken to his slaughter house and
there killed. They are to be tried out
for oil and grease.

Hon. J. H. Manley will deliver his
lecture on "The Home and the State," at
Town Hall, Fairfield Centre, Monday
evening, Jan. 25th, under the auspices of
Victor Grange. Lecture free to all and
the public is invited to attend.

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

Important Annual Meeting to be Held at
State House, Jan. 20 and 21.

The annual meeting of the Maine
Board of Agriculture which occurs at
the State House on the 20th and 21st of
January, will be a meeting of more than
usual interest. The organization of the
Board was on the morning of the
first day and then the regular program-
me of the meeting will begin. This will
consist of the report of the Secretary and
Executive Committee, which will be
followed by general discussions.

Prof. Charles D. Woods, director of
the Maine Experiment Station, and mem-
ber of the board from the State College,
will deliver an address on the influence
of width of tires on the draft of loads on
common roads.

On the evening of Wednesday, the
20th, the members of the legislature,
who are farmers, will be invited to meet
the board in the rooms, for the purpose
of becoming acquainted with each other
and with the members, and discussing
matters which may be of mutual interest.
This meeting will, without doubt, be of
much value to all. On Thursday even-
ing, the 21st, Gen. Roy Stone, engineer
and special agent of the Department of
Agriculture at Washington, will deliver
an address "Methods of Improving the
Highways of Maine." This lecture
will probably be delivered in Representa-
tives' Hall, and there will be appropriate
music by the Winthrop street quartette,
to add to the interest of the occasion.

A portrait of Mr. S. L. Goodale, the
second secretary of the board, will be
unveiled with appropriate ceremonies.
Among the subjects of importance to
be discussed will be the matter of legis-
lation looking toward the better protec-
tion of the farmer from impure grass
seeds, and the inspection of commercial
feeding stuffs.

There will be half rates over the Maine
Central railroad from all stations for all
who attend these meetings. Tickets to
be sold the 19th and 20th good to return
until the 23d.

In the Interests of Peace.

On Monday the President transmitted
to Congress the Anglo-American general
arbitration treaty, which marks the be-
ginning of a new epoch in civilization,
ushering in the day when nations shall
learn war no more. Following is the
message of the President in transmitting
the treaty:

To the Senate: I transmit herewith
a treaty for the arbitration of all matters
in difference between the United States
and Great Britain. The provisions of
the treaty are the result of long and
patient deliberation, and represent con-
cessions made by each party, for the
sake of agreement upon the general
scheme.

Though the result reached may not
meet the views of the advocates of im-
mediate, unlimited and irrevocable arbi-
tration of all international controversies,
it is nevertheless confidently believed
that the treaty cannot fail to be every-
where recognized as taking a long step
in the right direction, and as embodying
a practical working plan by which dis-
putes between the two countries may
reach a peaceful adjustment as a matter
of course and ordinary routine.

In the initiation of such an important
measure of right will be expected that
some features will assume a tentative
character looking to a further advance;
it is apparent the treaty formulated not
only makes war between the parties to it
a remote possibility, but precludes those
fears and rumors of war which of them-
selves so often assume the proportion of
a national disaster.
It is eminently fitting as well as for-
tunate that an attempt to accomplish re-
sults so beneficial should be initiated by
kindred peoples, speaking the same
tongue, joined together by all ties of
common tradition, common institutions
and common aspiration.

The experiment of substituting civil-
ized methods for brute force as the
means for settling international ques-
tions of right will thus be tried under the
happiest auspices. Its success ought
not to be doubted and the fact that its
ultimate ensuing benefits are not likely
to be limited to the two countries im-
mediately concerned would cause it to be
promoted to the more eagerly.

The example set and the lesson fur-
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to be limited to the two countries im-
mediately concerned would cause it to be
promoted to the more eagerly.

CITY NEWS.

—The flag at the State House was
placed at half-mast, on account of the
death of Ex-Gov. Davis.

—Remember the Chizzle Wizzle Fair
at Meonlan Hall, by the scholars in the
high school, Thursday and Friday of
this week. Fine entertainments are pro-
vided.

—Bicycles have been gliding along our
streets all winter. But it seemed curi-
ous, the other day, to see a gentleman
speeding along on a bicycle, wearing an
ulster.

—The singers, old and young, and all
interested in the development of music
in our city, are invited to meet at the
vestry of the Universalist Church, Mon-
day evening, at 7:30 sharp, to organize a
chorus for the Maine Musical Festival.
Let all hands attend.

—The permanent granite wall built by
the Maine Central Railroad at their sta-
tion here, is a substantial piece of work.
The finishing touches will be given to
the upper course when warm weather
comes again. The old, irregular wall
stood the test of thirty-five years; cer-
tainly the new wall is good for a century.

—Rev. H. J. White, formerly of this
city, closed his pastorate at Pleasant
street Baptist church, Worcester, Mass.,
Dec. 27. The church tendered him a
farewell reception on the 30th. He be-
gan his labors as pastor of the Central
church, in Southbridge, on Sunday, Jan.
3d.

—The Unitarian society begins the
new year entirely free from debt. It has
chosen the following officers: Standing
Committee, L. C. Cornish, Elias Miliken
and Allen Partridge; Treasurer and Col-
lector, Mrs. Sarah J. True; Clerk, P. M.
Fogler; Auditor, L. S. Fogler; Musical
Committee, Mrs. P. J. Mowbray, Harry P.
Lowell and Allen Partridge.

—Calvin Day, who, it will be remem-
bered, was sent to jail in default of
bonds, some three weeks ago, on the
allegation that he threatened to do in-
jury to Dr. B. T. Sanborn, the superin-
tendent of the Insane Hospital, was re-
leased, Friday, on probation, through
the clemency of Dr. Sanborn, on Day's
promising to make no more trouble.

—Mrs. Edwin A. Getchell had a most
unfortunate fall, Friday afternoon, re-
sulting in her breaking the forearm and
the wrist bone on the left arm, a very
painful accident. Mrs. Getchell was
walking on Winthrop street on the side-
walk, near Summer street, when she fell.
Being a heavy woman, she fell with
much force.

—The Augusta City Hospital corpora-
tion has elected the following officers for
the ensuing year: President, C. B.
Burleigh; Secretary, C. L. Andrews;
Board of Directors: For one year, J. W.
Bradbury, H. M. Heath and F. W. Kin-
man; for two years, John F. Hill, A. W.
Whitney and Byron Boyd; for three
years, Dr. B. T. Sanborn, Ira H. Randall
and S. W. Lane. The Board of Directors
at their first meeting will elect a
Treasurer.

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THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT

AUGUSTA, ME.

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Special care is taken, in very apt condition that is practically unknown. The horses stand on the hard floors in winter and run in the Rocky mountain pasture in summer. If the barn cells are to be used at all, the only way to get any improvement to fix them are to have the macadamized roads are built, and the horses would really be no necessity of any more over the dirt, as the finely crushed rock could be put down to the feet of the horses and colts. A warm, damp atmosphere and situation is less conducive to the general health of the horses, the dry and colder one, that feet being the only part that suffers. We would at any time far rather see the feet of a worn down almost to the quick, than to see the feet of a young, than to see the frog, and the almost whole sole, wasted away by

ralue of clover, and fed the same exclusively for years to a driving horse, finding profit as well as satisfaction in so doing, it is interesting to note the claims made, by writers and speakers for and against its use. It is, to be sure, more difficult to cure free from dust than some other varieties of hay, but it is also so much more valuable that there is good compensation for the trouble. It is the best feed for the horse, and clean article to his horses will find that the grain ration can be materially reduced, and better conditions insured. Clover is rich in protein, the most essential article in feeding for growth, and is especially adapted to all young stock. Whether it be that he who grows clover successfully feels the necessity for plowing every third year,

No. 668 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The name of the post office at Clifton has been changed, by order of the post office department, from Clifton to Cape Small Point. This gives it its old historic name.

Flow's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for anyone who can furnish reliable evidence that he has cured by Hall's Cathartic Cure.

J. J. CHENEY

Chenev was long engaged, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him to be one of the longest lived men in business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

C. KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

This medicine acts internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle.

mallo. It is without a doubt a great benefit to them, and even healthy fowls are benefited, for it serves to keep them healthy, and they will produce more eggs and have healthy chicks. The eggs will hatch better. The cost of charcoal is but a trifle, even when bought, and if you burn wood in your stove the fine ashes may be sifted out and the black coals saved out and pounded up in pieces about the size of a grain of corn, and placed in small piles where the fowls can get it easily. It is especially valuable during the spring and summer months, for then it is that the blood is sluggish and needs something to purify it, and it is from this reason, principally, that most of the poultry diseases come during these months. Neither the

In England there are 114 widows every 54 widowers.

POWDER

It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for brooding hens and preventing disease in absolutely pure, highly concentrated, in quantity only about that of a pinch, no other kind like it.

MAKE HENS LAY

WILL LIKE
SHRIDANS
CONDITION POWDER

Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit and feed-water will be lost and the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect sanitation of the food and is essential to produce health and form eggs. It is sold by druggists, grocers, feed dealers or by mail. Single price, 50c. per five lb. Tare net 45c. per five lb. Sold by **W. C. BROWN & CO., Inc.** 1001 Broadway, New York City.

Attent: HOWARD OWEN, Registrar. 10th

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been appointed executrix of the will of
MARIA G. HALL, late of Vienna,
in the county of Kennebec, deceased, and
given bonds as the law directs. All persons
claiming against the said deceased, or
deceased are desired to present the same for
settlement to the subscriber on or before
requested to make payment immediately.
DEC. 28, 1846. 10th ANNIE M. HALL.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. The subscriber
hereby gives notice that she has been
justly appointed Executor of the will of
ELIZABETH B. WOODBURY, late of Augusta,
in the county of Kennebec, deceased, and
given bonds as the law directs. All persons
claiming against the said deceased, or
deceased are desired to present the same for
settlement to the subscriber on or before
requested to make payment immediately.
DEC. 28, 1846. 10th JOHN H. WOODBURY.

BEED WETTING. CTR. R. Sampson & Co.,
DR. FRAS. F. FAY,
BLOOMINGTON.

